

JOHNSON

HIGH SCHOOL

YEAR BOOK



1938

CLASS BOOK

- 1938 -

Johnson High School

NORTH ANDOVER

MASSACHUSETTS



:: PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1938 ::



MR. JOHN DONOVAN

To Mr. John Donovan, the class of "38" dedicates its Year Book.

Through his ready cooperation, his good will, and genial spirit, he has won the hearts of the whole student body and filled our class periods to the brim with knowledge and enjoyment.

YEAR BOOK STAFF



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ALVAH GEORGE HAYES

ADDRESS TO THE SENIORS

ACH year as I sit down to write a message to the seniors, I find my task becomes increasingly more difficult because of the uncertainties prevailing in our economic system. This year, you represent a small percent of roughly 1,250,000 boys and girls who will receive their high school diplomas in our forty eight states. The majority of these individuals will begin their search for work,—for jobs, which, at present, do not exist. It may be a year, it may be two, before you find your first real job. Please do not infer from this statement that I am trying to be too pessimistic. This message contains advice, but before advice can be given, the facts must be observed.

In view of the present conditions, my first word of advice is for all of you to continue your education NOW if it is at all possible. There is an old adage in the stock market to the effect that the wise man buys when all the others wish to sell. Like the wise man, you should continue your education while so many others are looking for work. Conditions will eventually improve and when they do, you will be in a preferred position for those openings for which your training has prepared you.

My second bit of advice concerns those virtues which are required for any permanent success,—virtues which, unfortunately, all too many have come to look upon as old fashioned. They are (1) accuracy, (2) promptness, (3) integrity, (4) acceptance of responsibility; and they will go out of date along with our multiplication table and our alphabet. Without strict adherence to them, it will be impossible for you to climb to any position of lasting success.

In closing, may I remind you that the elevator to success has been out of order for many years, and the only means of ascent now, and in the future, will be by the way of the long and winding stairs.

ALVAH G. HAYES



THE FACULTY

Mr. John Donovan, A. B., M. A., Boston College	<i>English, German</i>
Miss Veva Chapman, A. B., Bates	<i>English, Civics</i>
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Miss Mildred Green, A. B., Mount Holyoke	<i>Latin, Mathematics</i>
Miss Edith Jensen, A. B., Jackson	<i>Biology, History</i>
Mr. James Cavalieri, Ph. B., Holy Cross; M. Ed. Boston College	<i>Math, Science, Boys' Coach</i>
Miss Glenna Kelly, A. B., Jackson	<i>History, Social Science</i>
Miss Clara Chapman, A. B., Bates	<i>Chemistry, Physics, Science</i>
Miss Edith Pierce, A. B., Wellesley	<i>English, French</i>
Mr. Alvah Hayes, B. S., M.I.T.	<i>Mathematics (Principal)</i>
Miss Irene Cook, A. B., Mount Holyoke	<i>American History, French, Social Science</i>
Miss Alice Neal, B. S. S., M. Ed., Boston University	<i>Bookkeeping, Typewriting</i>
Miss Eileen McAloon, A. B., Trinity	<i>English, History, Business Training</i>

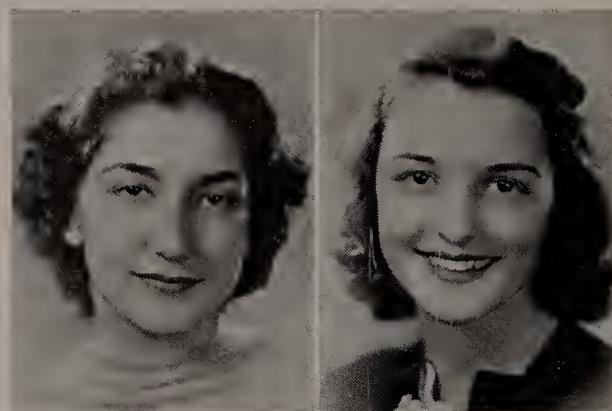
Seniors

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

ROSE AARONIAN

Sub-Deb Club 3
Dramatic Club 2, 4
Dramatic Club Treasurer 4
"Year Book" Staff 4

Although she might appear to be quiet and very studious, Rose has a keen sense of humor which is greatly appreciated and admired by her many friends and acquaintances. Good luck, Rose!



LILY I. ACKROYD

Glee Club 1, 2
Sub-Deb Club 3, 4
Operetta 1

This girl with the angelic smile but with a light of mischief in her eyes, is always willing to cheer her friends when they have the blues.



DOROTHY L. ATKINSON

"Dot"

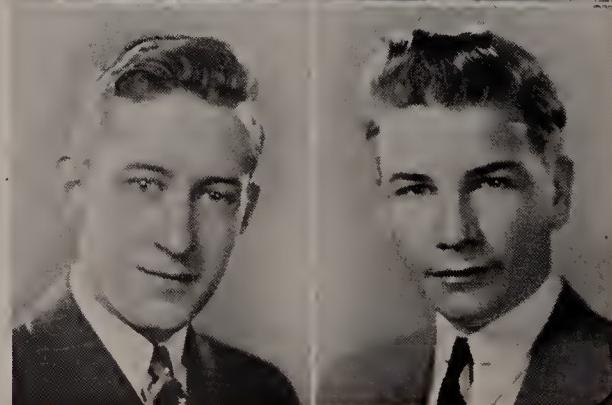
Dramatic Club 1, 2

Dot is one whom we shall never forget. Full of pep and everybody's friend.



HERBERT E. BARWELL

Bud is one of the most popular boys in the school.
Class Vice-pres. 1, 2, 3, 4
Football 1, 2, 3, 4
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4 Basketball 3, 4
Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4
(Vice-pres. 4)
Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4
Clee Club 1, 2 Debating Club 4
Chefs' Club President 3
"Journal" Staff 4
"Year Book" Staff 4
AA Play 4 Operetta 1
Athletic Council 1
Johnson Hi-Y Club 4 (V.-pres.)
President Athletic Assoc. 1
Class Marshal 3



ROBERT A. BINNS

"Binnsy"

He is what could be called a northern southerner for all his drawling ways. He is a good worker, however, and has provided much amusement with his good humor. Whatever he may want to do, even if it's to play golf, we hope his spirit will show its worth.



✓ I. HAZEL BLANCH

Class Treasurer 1, 2
Class Secretary-Treasurer 3, 4
Glee Club 3
Dramatic Club 4
Athletic Council 4
Student Council 2, 3, 4
AA Treasurer 4
Cheerleader 4

This quiet, sweet and popular girl is a loyal friend. She will make many more friends with her lovely smile and winning personality.

STANLEY BUTURLIA

Stanley is the handsome blond who honored Room 8 with his presence, and voice, this year. By the way, did you know that Stanley intends to write his own version of "Modern History" upon leaving school?

FRANCES D. CAMPBELL

Class Secretary 1
Glee Club 1, 2
Etiquette Club 3
Chemistry Club 4

What will J.H.S. do without this charming girl? Frances is the possessor of a very pleasing disposition and for this reason is well-liked among her classmates.

ROBERT J. CARROLL

"Bob"

Chefs' Club 3
Debating Club 4

Bob will make a great comedian some day, from the looks of his easy-going stage ability during his years at Johnson!

CAROLINE E. CHASE

"Carol"

Dramatic Club 2
"Journal" Staff 4
"Year Book" Staff 4

Carol may not have had much time for school activities, but she always finds lots of time to write poetry for which she has obvious ability.

1938 YEAR BOOK

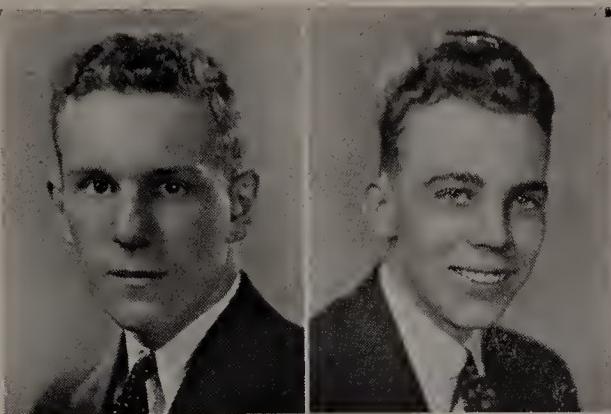
EDWARD C. CLARENBACH
"Eddie"

Those who do not know Eddie very well think he is a quiet fellow. But those who are well acquainted with him know him as a jolly and good-natured companion.

FREDRICK CORAM
"Fred"

Athletic Assoc. (Vice-pres.) 4
Athletic Council 1, 2
Baseball 3, 4
Student Council 4
Basketball 2, 3, 4
Chefs' Club 3

In school Fred is a quiet student; outside he is a regular fellow. In the field of sports, Fred proved himself a capable leader, fighting to win with a spirit that was an incentive for the rest of the team.



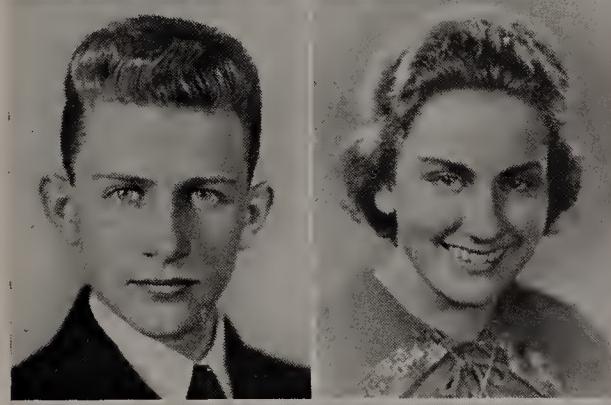
FRANK D. COUGHLIN

One of the quiet fellows of the school, Frank is a very studious member. He goes at his work whole-heartedly and gets things done and done well. If he works as hard in later years, he is sure to be a success.

RALPH CROMPTON, JR.
"Ralphy"

Class Prophecy 4
Football 2, 3, 4
AA Play 4
Chefs' Club 3
"Journal" Staff 4
"Year Book" Staff 4
Hi-Y Club 2

The ways that Ralph has of getting out of difficult situations is incredible. He is a natural-born leader, and we are sure that he will cut down life's problems in the same way that he did his opponents on the football field.



MARCELLA M. COSTELLO
"Marcy"

Glee Club 2, 3
Sub-Deb Club 4

Marcy isn't very big, but she has a great amount of pep and vigor. She always has a grin for everybody, even for the faculty, sometimes.



EDWIN T. CUNNINGHAM, Jr.
"Eddie"

Basketball 3, 4
Football 1, 4
AA Play 4
Orchestra 2, 3, 4
Dramatic Club 3 (President)
"Year Book" Staff 4
Hi-Y Club 4
"Journal" Staff 4

For a good time packed with thrills—see Eddie. Ed plays the drums in a unique fashion.

GEORGIANNA CURLEY
"George"

Varsity Basketball 3, 4
Dramatic Club 2
Chemistry Club 3
AA Play 3
"Journal" Staff 4
"Year Book" Staff 4
Cheer Leader 4

Basketball Club President 4
George is a good all-around girl. She manages to make and keep plenty of friends, particularly in numerous outside activities, and get good marks in school.

MARY C. DANDENEAU
"Connie"

Dramatic Club Secretary 4
Glee Club 1, 2, 3 (Vice-pres. 3)
"Journal" Staff 4
"Year Book" Staff 4
Basketball 4
AA Play

Connie is the "hail, fellow, well met" type and so makes friends easily and quickly. She is both an active and a studious member of the class.

FRANCES V. DEBROWSKI
"Debby"

Ettiquette Club Vice-pres. 3
Chemistry Club Secretary 4
"Journal" Staff 4
"Year Book" Staff 4
Class Essayist 4
D.A.R. Representative 4

Frances has been with us for three years and is one of our honor students. She is a great favorite, who works hard for her class.

CLAYTON A. DENAULT

Chefs' Club 3
Glee Club 1

While Clayton has been absent during the last semester, we have missed his ready grin and ability on the dance floor.

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

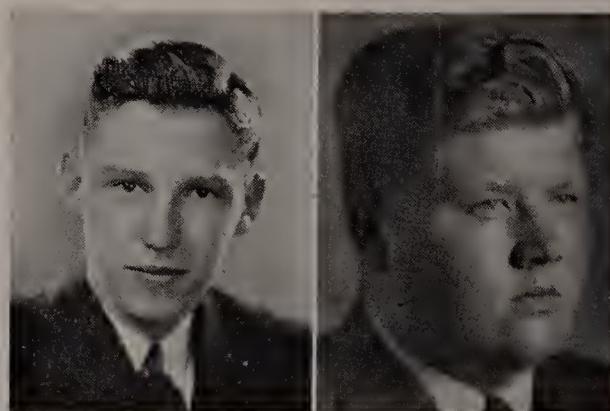
JOHN R. DILENDIK

"Rush"

Football 3, 4

Chefs' Club Vice-pres. 3, 4

Johnny is well liked and is a real friend to have. John is a quiet boy in school but on the gridiron, he is a demon. We are sure that his determined spirit will carry him a long way.



JOHN FORD, JR.

John has been a student at Johnson for only two years but he has made a hit with his classmates. His "Oxford accent," and his dimples help this "he-man" out and make him the envy of the fair sex.

RUSSELL F. DONNELLY

"Russ"

Football 4

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4

Chefs' Club 3, 4

Hi-Y Club 3

Baseball 1, 3, 4 (Capt. 4)

Dramatic Club 2

"Year Book" Staff 4

Russ is a quiet, good-natured student, who is very popular. On the baseball diamond, he knows all the answers. We may hear from him in this field of sport in a few years.



VERONICA B. FITZGERALD

"Wonny"

Basketball 2, 3, 4

Athletic Council 3

Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4

Etiquette Club 2

Chemistry Club Secretary 3

Basketball Club 4

"Journal" Staff 4

"Year Book" Staff 4

Where there is a good time going on, you'll always find Wonny in the middle of it all; and when it comes to playing basketball, she's right there.

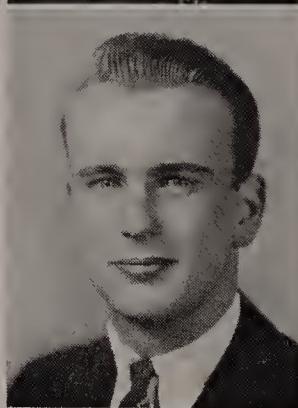
MARY A. GRAY

Dramatic Club 2, 4 (Pres. 4)

Chemistry Club 3

AA Play 2, 4

Mary is a very lovely girl with a flair for dramatics. Keep it up, Mary, and maybe you'll hit Hollywood.



PETER EVANGELOS

"Evip"

Football 4

Baseball 3, 4

Basketball 3, 4

AA Play 1

"Journal" Staff 4

"Year Book" Staff 4

Chefs' Club 4

What Pete lacks in brawn and beef, he makes up in brains and courage. Life is going to find Evip, with his determined air, a very hard man to stop.



BARBARA E. HAINSWORTH

"Pussy"

Student Council 1, 2, 3, 4

"Journal" Staff 3, 4

Glee Club

Etiquette Club 2

"Year Book" Staff 4

The popular heartbreaker always has a smile for her host of friends. She will attain high ranks in this world through her effort and intelligence.



JOHN V. FLETCHER

"Johnny"

Orchestra 1, 2

Chefs' Club 3

Dramatic Club 4

AA Play 4

Because of his dancing and acting abilities, Johnny has been very popular with his fellow students. He is carefree and happy-go-lucky, but has a determined spirit.

ROSEALICE HARGREAVES

"Hargie"

Dramatic Club Vice-pres. 4

Johnson High won't be the same without Hargie. Full of fun and perhaps more than her share of mischievousness, she brightened many a dull and dreary day.

FREEMAN C. HATCH, III.

"Hatchy"

Orchestra 1, 2
Student Council 1, 3
Hi-Y Club 4
Debating Club 4
Chemistry Club 3
"Journal" Staff 4
"Year Book" Staff 4
Class Will

Along with the hydrogen episode and being the owner of the famous "Gray Ghost," Hatchy will long be remembered for his general good nature.

JAMES J. HAYES

"Jimmy"

Football 3, 4
Basketball 4
Chefs' Club 3, 4 (Treasurer)

Jimmy is a wizard at math but when he comes to English, he is utterly at a loss. He has been very active in sports, and everything he undertakes he does with a will. Jim is ready, willing and able to meet life's problems.

MILTON D. HOWARD

"Bud"

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4
Debating Club Vice-pres. 4
Student Council 3, 4
AA Play 3, 4
Hi-Y Club President 4
Chemistry Club 3
Class Orator
Ass't Editor of "Journal" 4
Editor-in-Chief of "Year Book"

As a scholar, Bud is a good and consistent worker; as a debater, he is a clear thinker, and a fine speaker.

PHILIP J. HOWARD

"Iggy"

Football 4
Chefs' Club 3

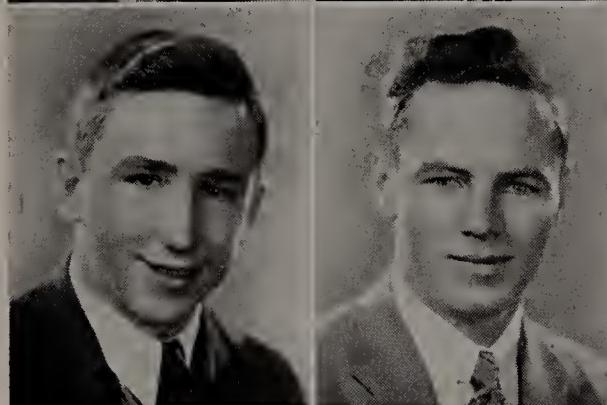
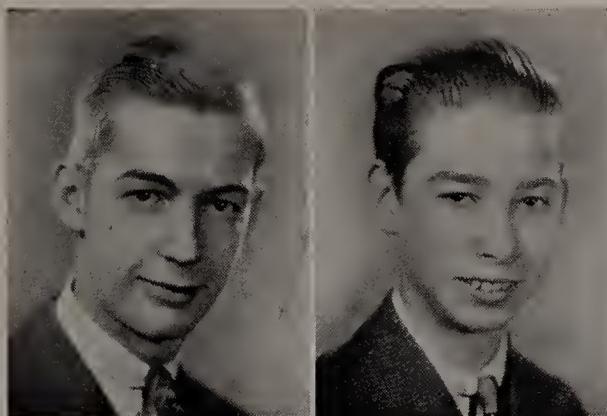
Iggy is a quiet, studious boy. He ranks high in his studies, and his willingness to help his fellow classmates has made him very popular. Iggy's intelligence will surely find for him a prominent position.

PAUL A. HURD

"Foggy"

Orchestra 1
"Journal" Staff 2
Chefs' Club 3

His love for jazz will certainly take him someplace, if his fiery red hair does not.



JOHN A. JAMES

"Jack"

Jack is small, but big-hearted. His eagerness for thorough knowledge will surely get him success in his chosen field.

CLAYTON W. KENNEDY

"Clay"

Chefs' Club 3

Clayt is one of the few really happy-go-lucky boys around the school. That doesn't mean that he is lazy, for he is a good worker, but he accepts knocks and bumps with a cheerful smile. He would like to go to Annapolis. With his spirit, he ought to be able to go anywhere. Good sailing, Clayt.

LOUISE J. KENNEDY

"Dolly"

"Journal" Staff 3

Devilish, yet full of fun, Dolly will always be remembered for her cute smile and vamping ways.

STELLA M. KOZLOWSKI

Etiquette Club 3
Practical Arts Club 4

Stella has a reserved manner about her but really is a pal to all who know her. She is well liked by all and has a persevering character which will enable her to succeed in anything she undertakes.

GEORGE H. LaFOUNTAIN, Jr.

"Chu"

Chu is a good fellow in every sense of the word. With his easygoing manner, he is bound to make his way in the world. Chu's pleasing personality and ready wit have won for him a high place in the popularity of his classmates.

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

CATHERINE A. LEFEBVRE

Glee Club 2
Sub-Deb Club 3, 4 (Pres. 4)

The girl who has a nice smile, dancing feet, and clever hands will get a long way in this good old world through these few of her many fine points.



JAMES D. LEWIS

"Jimmy"

Jimmy is indeed a gentleman in every sense of the word; perhaps a ladies' man, but still a man's man. We all hope that he will live to realize his ambition: to grow a real mustache.



PRISCILLA J. LEWIS

"Pat"

Athletic Council 1, 2
Glee Club 1, 2
Student Council 3, 4
Etiquette Club Sec'y-Treas. 3
Basketball Club 4
Cheer Leader 4
Athletic Association Sec'y 4

Pat is one of our smart young set, a regular go-getter in this school. She would like to go to Posse Physical Ed. School.



ANNA M. LORENZA

Glee Club 1

A girl whose real personality is hidden under a cloak of reserve is Anna, but when she does come out of her shell, we can always see her true friendliness.



VELMA J. LYNCH

Glee Club 1, 2
Etiquette Club 3
Sub-Deb Club 4
Operetta 1

As a faithful and true student, Velma wins the hearts and admiration of not only her teachers, but her classmates.



BALBINA P. MANDRY

Glee Club 1, 2, 3
Dramatic Club 4

Balbina is quiet, but her sincerity and unselfishness have won her many friends. We're all for you in succeeding in your career as a nurse, Balbina.

HELEN B. McAVOY

Though Helen is not a regular member of our class, she has helped make this last year a little brighter by her sunny smile.

THOMAS J. McGRAIL

"Pete"

Chefs' Club 2
Chemistry Club 4
Glee Club 1
Ass't Manager 3
Manager 4
Vice President of AA 3

Even though Pete seems the sleepy type, he always has a guffaw for a humorous story and by all appearances, he makes ready friends with the Johnson girls and also others from various places.

EDNA M. MILLWARD

Glee Club 1
Dramatic Club 4

All the girls in 18 can testify as to Edna's wagging tongue and merry chuckle. Those ways will always make her stand out from the crowd.

ELEANOR G. PARKER

"Irish"

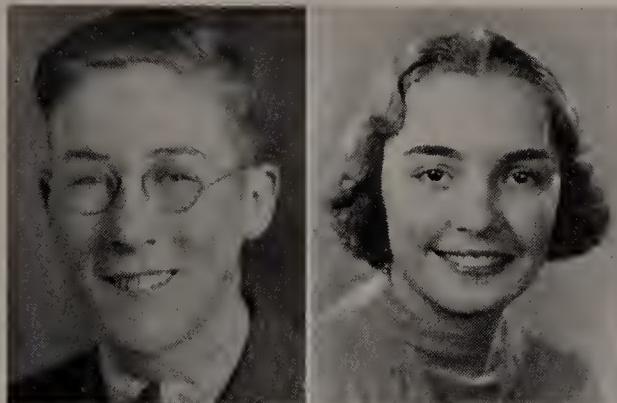
Dramatic Club 1, 2, 4
AA Play 3, 4
"Year Book" Staff 4

By the list of extra-curricular activities one can easily see that Eleanor has a liking for dramatics. Her quick wit has been a source of amusement and sometimes disaster to her friends. We wish her much luck and success.

DONALD C. PORTER

"Don"

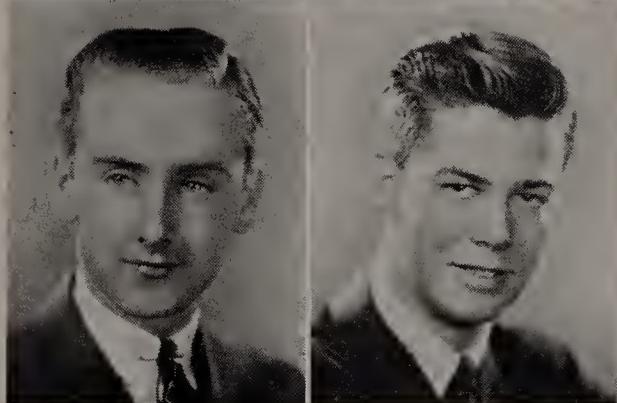
Always a very studious and hard-working student, Don will surely meet success in the future.



J. WESLEY RANDALL

"Wes"

Wes, "the boy at the piano," spends a great deal of his spare time at his favorite hobby. He will always be remembered for the daily recess concerts in the hall.



ELIZABETH RENNIE

"Caps"

Capt. Girls' Basketball Team 4
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4
Sec'y-Treas. Basketball Club 4
Glee Club 1
Sec'y-Treas. Sub-Deb Club 2, 3

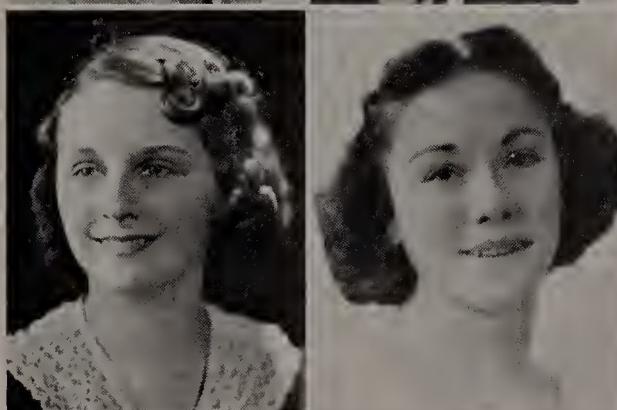
She has gained many friends through her advice, sympathy, help, and cheerfulness.



DOROTHY D. RICHARDSON

French Club 1
Science Club 2
Dramatic Club 4
"Year Book" Staff 4

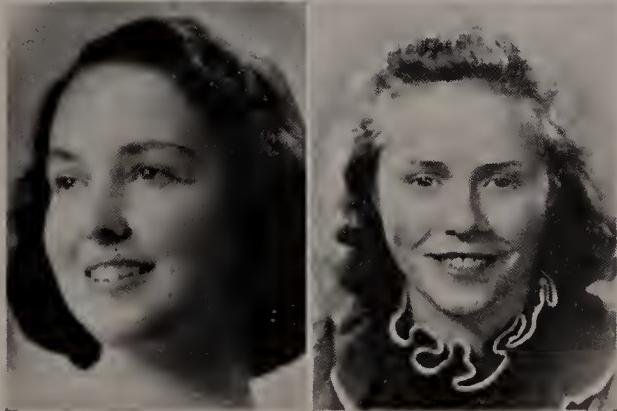
Outwardly Dot appears to be a quiet, studious girl, but she has a hidden store of fun which is well known to her many friends.



LILLIAN C. ROBERTSON

Glee Club 1, 2
Operetta 1
Etiquette Club 3
AA Play 3
Basketball 3
Cheer Leader 3, 4

Lillian is known by the glint of mischief which dances in her eyes. She is by no means a man-hater as you will observe upon close examination of her social life.



RITA B. ROCHE

Glee Club 1, 2
Sub-Deb Club 4
"Journal" Staff 4
"Year Book" Staff 4

Rita's large brown eyes plus her ability as a stenographer ought to get her an office job very easily.

JOSEPH SHEA

"Mayor"

Remember the day that "they" said you went to Boston, and your face tinged? Joe has not been with us very long, but we thoroughly enjoy his ready smile and active wit. The "Mayor" is going in for chemistry. Good luck, Joe!

LAURENCE SHYNE

"Larry"

Larry is one of those fellows who, to the casual observer, appear to be quiet, but appearances are often deceiving; so let us inform the erring stranger that Larry is nothing of the sort. Nevertheless, we must give him credit for the decorous way he conducts himself in school.

ANNETTE SILVERSTEIN

"Benny"

Varsity Basketball 3, 4
Basketball Club 4
Sub-Deb Club 3
Glee Club 2
"Journal" Editor-in-Chief 4
"Year Book" Ass't Editor 4
Valedictorian 4

Benny seems not only to have been blessed with extra brains, but with an extra fine disposition as well. Her intimate friends can vouch for her ever present laugh and good humor.

HELEN D. STEFANOVICH

"Stef"

Sub-Deb Club 3
Chemistry Club 4

Helen's wonderful smile and her willingness in class affairs will certainly lead to a happy future in the years to come.

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

JAMES STEWART "Jimmy"

Jimmy is one of the big fellows of the class. He is a general good fellow and he is liked a lot because of this. If he can earn as many friends in life as he has in Johnson, he will be a very popular man.



MYRA P. STILLWELL

Dramatic Club 2, 4
Chemistry Club 3
"Year Book" Staff 4

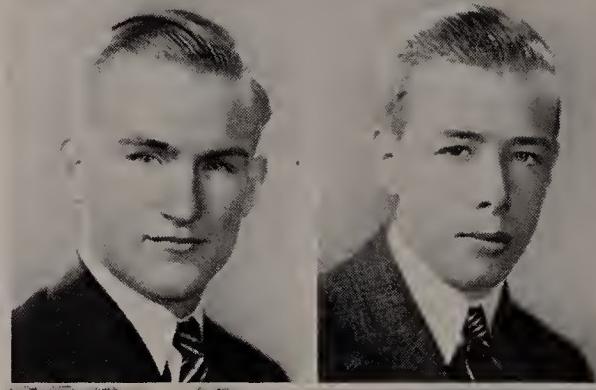
A bashful girl is Myra, with great ambitions to become a librarian. We all wish her luck.



THOMAS H. SULLIVAN "Sully"

President of Class 1, 2, 3, 4
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4
Football 1, 2, 3, 4
Student Council 2, 3, 4 (Pres. 4)
Athletic Council 4
Chefs' Club Treasurer 3
Debating Club 4
Class Marshal 3
Hi-Y Club 4

Tom has been our president for four years. Along with being popular, Tom is a stellar athlete.



DOROTHY SUTTON "Dot"

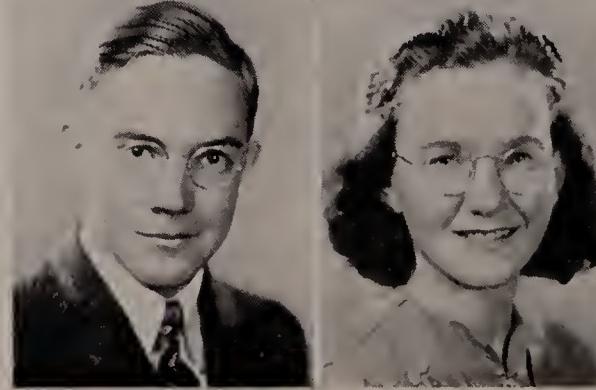
Dot is the quiet, studious type when with her class, but with special friends she has a sparkling personality and definite ideas which she forcefully expresses. Dot has won the Woman's Club Scholarship and plans to go to Simmons College.



ALLEN N. TOWNE "Townsie"

Salutatorian
Chemistry Club President 3
Debating Club President 4
"Year Book" Staff 4

Allen is a quiet, shy sort of boy, especially with the girls, but in spite of this he is very well liked. He is a faithful student and leaves a reputation in school to be proud of.



FLORENCE L. VERNILE

"Flip"

Cheer Leader 3, 4
Glee Club 1, 2
Sub-Deb Club 3
Basketball Club 4
Girls' Mgr. and timekeeper—
Basketball 4
"Year Book" Staff 4
"Journal" Staff 4

Here's one girl who certainly proves that "good things come in small packages." Your bright smile and friendly spirit will get you places, "Miss South Lawrence."

ELIZABETH H. WALKER

Dramatic Club 4
"Year Book" Staff 4

Betty is a literary minded girl but all her friends think that she should take up designing because of her unusual talent along that line. She has made many friends since she came here last March.

JOHN H. WELCH

"Welchy"

"Year Book" Staff 4

Although he isn't very big, he certainly has a vast amount of vim and vigor in him. He is always ready to cooperate with anyone and we shall always remember him for his ready smile and good cheer.

WILLIAM D. WHITTAKER

"Billy"

Bill is one of those big, silent men who can take the stiffest jolts with a smile. This and his grim determination will certainly get him somewhere in this tough old world.

CATHERINE H. WINNING

Glee Club 1
Dramatic Club 4

Catherine has been a pleasant girl throughout her school life and we are sure she will keep it up in the future.

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

ELFREDA V. WITHEE

"Freda"

Glee Club 1, 2
Etiquette Club 3
Practical Arts Club 4
Glee Club Operetta

Freda is a combination of lightheartedness and seriousness. She is good-natured and sincere to all. Her friendliness will help her succeed in her chosen field of journalism.



FRANK BROADHEAD

"Franky"

Chefs' Club President 4
Football 3, 4

Franky's one-man band and barnyard imitations have kept his friends in good spirits, but also have peeved many teachers. His adaptability for making up rhymes has made him very popular with his many classmates. Franky is an all-round good fellow and we wish him luck.

BERNARD S. CHAMPION

Dramatic Club 2
Chemistry Club 3
Chefs' Club 3
Ass't Manager 3
Manager 4
"Year Book" Staff 4

Our very capable athletic manager, Champ, with his quiet smile and efficient manner has made a hit with the members of his class. Bernard with his curly black hair is one of the heart-throbs of the class.

MARTHA CURRAN

"Crisco"

Chemistry Club 3, 4

Martha's quick wit and girlish giggle has enlivened many dull moments. We wish her every success in the future.

MICHAEL J. KOROSKYS

"Mike"

Glee Club 1, 2
Chemistry Club 3
Dramatic Club 4
AA Play 1

This Beau Brummel of the senior class makes himself popular with everyone. He is by no means the class angel but he has the knack of getting into scrapes and out of them again with equal ease. He is sure to be a success.

STELLA A. MAZURENKO

Practical Arts Club 2
Sub-Deb Club 3
Chemistry Club 4

Typifying the dignified senior, Stella is nevertheless bubbling over with fun and good nature. Always ready to assist a friend, she has been a welcome addition to the senior class.

ROBERT K. YOUNG

"Pete"

Football 3, 4

If we had a few more big boys like Pete to play football, Johnson's gridiron success would be more secure. Besides Pete's ability to break a line, he does very well breaking hearts.

WILLIAM F. SHERLOCK

"Bill"

Chemistry Club 3
Chefs' Club 4

Bill, although a quiet boy and a great reader, is a favorite with the boys. Even though Bill seems to have little to do with the opposite sex, I'm sure they'll always remember that nice smile of his!

HELEN M. WATERS

Helen is a newcomer to our school, but she has lost no time making friends during her short stay. If she progresses as well socially in every place she goes, she will make a great success in later life.

ELIZABETH WINDLE

"Betty"

Glee Club 1

Quiet, yes, but so is a bomb before it explodes. Betty doesn't say much, but we feel sure that when the time comes, she will be among the top ones.

SALUTATORY



T is my pleasure in behalf of the graduating class of 1938 to extend to you all our most cordial and sincere welcome. Any success which we may have in the future is due in a great part to you, our parents, friends, and teachers, who, during the past four years, have so well trained us for our part in the world.

The Development of Electricity

Tonight I am going to trace the development of electricity. In doing so, I shall attempt to reveal an ideal that to me is brought out vividly in the history of electricity, an ideal that seems to be fading from the world today. This is, "the doing of things for others without expecting any material reward." While we do hear examples of this today, they are few and are becoming fewer. Possibly the depression is the cause of this, or maybe the nature of the people has changed. But whatever the cause may be, let's hope that this ideal is practiced more and more.

Few sciences can claim as great an antiquity as that of electricity. It is believed that Thales of Miletus (640-546 B.C.) knew that amber after being rubbed acquired the property of attracting light bodies. No definite scientific information was acquired however, until the close of the sixteenth century, when William Gilbert, often called "the Father of Modern Electricity," made extensive experiments in magnetism and electrostatics. He coined the word pole and was the first to use the term "electric."

During the eighteenth century, electric phenomena were studied more extensively. Galvani, an Italian physician who was interested in the application of electricity to the human body, accidentally discovered the existence of the electrical current. He performed many experiments which led Volta, an Italian physicist, to the invention of the electric cell. Among these early electrical experimenters the United States can boast of two, Benjamin Franklin and Joseph Henry. Franklin is best known for his experiments with lightning and the invention of the lightning rod. Joseph Henry is famous for his discoveries and laborious experiments on the electro-magnet.

All these discoveries lead up to 1831 when in a series of memorable experiments Michael Faraday, an English physicist, discovered the laws of induced currents, and in doing so laid the foundations for the unparalleled triumph of modern electricity. On Faraday's discovery lay the basic principles of the dynamo, electric motor, induction coil, transformer and a host of other startling inventions. While these discoveries were a blessing to the world Faraday suffered a physical breakdown from which he never fully recovered.

After Faraday's day, the development of electricity ceased for a time in most fields except the telegraph. During the Civil War the use of the telegraph increased with leaps and bounds and this instrument became more and more perfected. Finally in 1876, Bell after many experiments and disappointments brought forth the telephone, and another step was taken in the progress of electricity. About this time we start to hear about the man who has done more for the development of electricity than any other single being. This is Thomas Edison. While William Gilbert may be called "the Father of Modern Electricity," Edison is the man who pampered and nursed this budding science until it became the great giant that it is today.

Edison was not a scientist in the true sense of the word. He knew little of the actual theory of electricity. His acquaintance with the mathematics of

science was slight. Yet Edison did more for humanity than any other man in the modern world. When asked for a definition of genius Edison gave a reply that would be well for all of us to remember. He declared that "Genius is one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration."

Although Edison gave much to the development of electricity and was truly "the Electrical Wizard" he made one big mistake in this field. He maintained that in practical use, direct current was more valuable than alternating current. It remained for another American, George Westinghouse, to prove that Edison was wrong. Westinghouse, after a great struggle against most of the leading scientists of the day, finally proved that it is better to use alternating current for the manufacture and distribution of electrical power.

Electrical progress in the last decade has been toward bigness and improvement. Hydro-electric plants of tremendous capacity are being, or have been built. And in this period of expansion that we are passing through now, there is ample room for those who will work, not only for themselves, but for the good of humanity.

ALLEN TOWNE

CLASS ORATION

PEOPLE gain honor in many ways. There are those who, by a stroke of genius or fortune, mount the ladder of fame or riches in one bound. It is by no means certain that they will stay at their glittering elevation. Those who do stay, climb step by step. Many men, lured on by the bait of sudden riches, gamble and lose all for the lack of patience.

The youth of today must especially learn this lesson. How many have failed because they weren't willing to toil along slowly but surely, awaiting the desired results? It is right to want results. We must do so if we want to succeed, but we must be patient. In whatever work is chosen, this principle holds true. Patient, earnest, steady toil wins in the end.

Mirabeau says, "The will is a mighty factor in determining a young man's future." There are three kinds of people, the "wills," the "won'ts," and the "can'ts." The first accomplish everything, the second oppose everything, and the third fail in everything.

All men of note have been men of will. Grant, Washington, Napoleon, Disraeli, Pitt, Thurlow, Weed, Cooper, Girard are all names that suggest an extraordinary command of will power. A resolute determination is one half the battle of life; the other half is labor.

Horace Mann is the most interesting character in American education. The life work and the eternal influence of this great man gained a power whose momentum has not yet died. He came into this world divinely commissioned to a work, and to his marvelous energy and patience in accomplishing it, this century owes incalculable illumination and aid. Six months after he first saw a Latin book, he enrolled in Brown College and later graduated with honors. He spent ten years in the Massachusetts Senate where he did his greatest work in establishing public education. The remaining six years of his life were devoted to labor and sacrifice for the cause of higher education in the West. He expressed tersely, in his last baccalaureate sermon at Antioch College, the creed that every man should have: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

The life of Edison is a great example of labor and its reward. Generally recognized as the greatest of all the world's inventors, Edison was one of the

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very few who devoted his entire life to invention as a profession. His inventions are the result of almost ceaseless labor and an active imagination. To a flatterer who tried to compliment him on his achievements he replied, "Genius is one percent inspiration and ninety-nine percent perspiration. When he worked he became unconscious of time and place and needed to be told when to eat and sleep. Until 1902, he worked an average of nineteen and a half hours daily. Later he maintained an eighteen hour day. The work of no other man in the field of electrical science has approached the extent and range of his activities which were solely in the direction of devices which stimulated industry more than any other influence in like time.

Lincoln, in spite of his poverty and many discouraging factors, placed himself at the head of the greatest nation of the world, through his unceasing toil. He struggled for an education, borrowing books and working long hours to earn money with which to buy them. He struggled for a living, working as a riverman and rail-splitter; and through all these labors came the presidency. His labors did not end here. He toiled for the emancipation of the slaves, struggled against a hostile cabinet for the right to practice his principles of administration, fought against his own conflicting emotions and those of a country in a civil war. In the end he gained honor and glory and what greater honor could there be than to command the respect and reverence of the whole world and have them say, "He was the one who preserved a nation." In Lincoln's own words, "No men living are more to be trusted than those who toil against odds—none less inclined to touch aught which they have not earnestly earned."

No man as yet has found a royal road to victory that is worth having. If victory is indeed achieved, it is at the expense of persistent toil—of repeated encounters with opposing forces. Hence I say, let us, the Class of 38, keep ever present in our minds, the motto we have chosen,— "Honor waits at Labor's gate."

MILTON HOWARD

CLASS ESSAY

Peace or War?

T was one of Washington's greatest hopes that we should adopt a policy of isolation and non-participation in foreign affairs. Until the nineteenth century the United States seemed to have made no striking alterations in its foreign policy. It still preserved the policy of isolation, clinging in the main to Washington's principle that we should not "entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest or caprice." Even the preliminary steps taken to extend American influence into the Pacific failed to excite any degree of public enthusiasm. On the contrary, our interest in Samoa aroused grave concern in the mind of President Cleveland and others. Moreover, even as late as 1897, it was impossible to secure a two-thirds vote of the Senate necessary for the ratification of the treaty to annex Hawaii. In the scramble for empires characteristic of the leading European countries, the United States had not yet displayed interest. It had always been hard for us to understand the quarreling nations of Europe and their complicated political alliances. Our attitude had always been not to try to understand but to remain aloof. "Let them fight among themselves if they want to," we said. "Their quarrels do not concern us." Besides, we were busy cutting down our forests, farming our land and organizing a great industrial machine. Until the Spanish-American War we

thought we had succeeded in following George Washington's advice to avoid any foreign entanglement that might get us into war. From then on we participated in world affairs until the World War.

It is an interesting fact, which is often forgotten, that the object of War is to impose Peace. This is the reason why we entered the World War in 1917. When we learned that our ships were being sunk and that American lives were being lost, we were determined that we would have to fight to defend our rights and "to make the world safe for democracy." This was the Great War to end wars! This was the Great War to preserve peace and "make the world safe for democracy!" Today there are fewer democracies than there were before the war. All around the world war drums beat and soldiers march. Nations launch new warships, build new airplanes, invent new poison gases, buy more guns, train more men. Twenty years ago the World War ended. When it was all over, we made up our minds that we would not let it happen again. But today, again, we are threatened by another war even more destructive and more deadly than the last.

Militarists are accustomed to say that "so long as human nature is what it is" we shall never be able to renounce war, and that "only when we are all saints" will there be any hope of settling our differences by friendly agreement. We need not be saints. It will be enough if we stop being criminal lunatics. It is insanity for supposedly Christian nations to concentrate all their efficiency, ingenuity and strength on the business of tearing at each other's throats. At the same time they all call for help and power on the same God—through His only Son, the Prince of Peace.

Since war is a part of human nature we always have had wars and will continue to have them; this is the opinion of the militarists. However, at one time, many diseases were considered a part of human nature. Nothing could be done about them, but to die horribly in many cases until modern science found many cures. Maybe there is no cure to prevent war, but I do believe that if everyone who has any feeling in this matter said what he thought and felt and kept on saying it—the sheer power of public opinion would go far to make war impossible.

War of defense can be justified but war as a policy is wrong and unjustified. War of this kind is wrong as cruelty to children is wrong; as slavery, the exploitation of the poor and the corruption of the innocent are wrong.

War is silly. Sometimes a comedian in a theatre will do something so divinely idiotic and so completely and gorgeously silly, that one sinks back into one's seat in helpless laughter. A few minutes later he does it again—and then again. Gradually one ceases to laugh. And so with war. When the band strikes up and the uniformed soldiers singing merry tunes come marching down the street with banners waving in the breeze, the crowd senses a patriotic spirit. This spirit wavers and disappears as does the helpless laughter. The continual beat of drums becomes sickening and monotonous. The false atmosphere created by this spirit crashes, and all for the first time see the horror and the stupidity of war. War, therefore, is the ultimate expression of man's wickedness and man's silliness. There are times when man's childish silliness for glory which is not glory but horror and disaster is more heartbreakingly than his wickedness.

The United States is preparing for war whether we like it or not. At least two-thirds of the people do not like it, but that is to no avail. President Roosevelt hates war and covets peace. He has said so, and yet Congress appropriates more money in order to enlarge our navy. Why the increase in

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armaments? We certainly have no fear of invasion. No nation is powerful enough to invade our country. We do not need a larger navy to protect our possessions for they are not worth the expense war would involve. While huge battleships are built one-third of America remains ill-housed, ill-clothed and ill-fed. American democracy stumbles. Another depression threatens. You cannot feed the hungry or clothe the naked with battleships. You cannot win national stability by war. You cannot confirm democracy with hate. America plunges into Europe and Asia will not, unless experience lies, yield gains to the world or to the United States. The one and only thing that will preserve democracy is to practice it here in our country.

Why then are we entering the armament race? To help protect the democratic countries of France and England against the fascist countries of Italy, Germany, and Japan? Perhaps. However, no European country is our ally nor has been since the last war and no country but one's own is worth fighting for. Never again should this country be put into a European war through the desire to back our creditors. No nations, any more, pay their debts. When a country does not pay its debts you cannot take its word on anything. So we may discard any declarations of intentions to help out any other country.

We won some things from the World War that were not on the program. For example, we had a complete demonstration of the fallacy of the old tradition that preparedness prevents war.

Preparation will not prevent war. It only creates suspicion and fear among the countries. As a result, everyone speedily joins in the armament race. When nations are armed to the teeth, the militarists are in power. They are impatient with talk of compromise. There is no time for any attempt at a peaceful settlement of disputes. Armies are quickly mobilized. Battleships stand by. Aeroplanes zoom overhead. A shot is fired. And war begins.

The only way to prevent war and preserve peace is by cooperation and arbitration. The chief cause of war seems to be economic in nature. Every nation needs something which some other nation produces. Not until we have learned to forget national boundaries and make it possible for nations to exchange goods freely will we be able to remove an important cause of war. International machinery, to be effective, must also consider problems of over-population, adjust political difficulties, revise treaties and establish a world system of law and order. This could have been accomplished had the United States joined the League of Nations at the close of the World War. By remaining out of the League, we weakened and discredited it, and now it has failed. It has been successfully flouted by two great aggressor nations.

Now which does the world want? Peace or War? If she wants Peace she can have it by accepting Arbitration and Cooperation. If she wants War, she can have it by not accepting Arbitration or Cooperation. Arbitration and Cooperation are substitutes for War.

To combat the war spirit, a public opinion outlawing war must be created; press propaganda which thwarts public opinion must be curbed; the horror, not the glory of war must be impressed upon the minds of the people. When we have done this, when we have replaced our hatred and jealousy with love, when we have made peace and happiness, not money and power, our highest aim and our highest ideal—then and then only.—

“They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks. And nation shall not lift sword against nation. Neither shall they learn war any more.”

FRANCES DEBROWSKI

VALEDICTORY



HE peace, the security, the development of our country and world are directly dependent on the subsequent development and knowledge of youth. This is not only true of our present day, but has always been a fact, though not generally realized.

When this statement is made, many people are inclined to scoff and say, "What effect can the youth we see around us, the young, the inexperienced, have on so vital and far-reaching problems as the security and peace of the world?" These people are correct in their contentions in a very limited sense only.

The importance of youth lies not in its years, but in the views, the ideals, the realizations which are awakened within it during its most formative period. Washington, Lincoln, and Edison did not aid greatly to cure the world's ills during their 'teen years, but the spirit of democracy in Washington, the love of mankind in Lincoln, and the ideal to improve the lot of man in Edison, all were instilled and nourished while they were yet in their youth. The growth of these ideals and others during their youth, gave them the insight and realization which in their later years made them truly great.

To realize this, one must then realize that youth must be protected, educated, and aided if civilization is to progress, and if progress is to endure.

At various times in our history, the public as a whole, through either over-developed bigotry or simply because of lack of a clear understanding, would not grant that youth had its major problems. Though this idea seems rather far-fetched today, earlier in our history it was true to a certain degree. Youth was not individualistic then. It was dictated to by staid ideals, steadfast doctrines, was expected to obey them and usually did. These rules usually consisted of disposing of a son in his father's business or trade and the marrying off of the daughter to a person of the family's choice. Thus were youth's problems of fifty years ago obliterated. Today, however, it is not as simple. Youth has its major problems and now through education and social advancement, these problems are appreciated as existing. Though this realization was a great step forward, the problem cannot be solved until the people—parents, friends advisers, understand exactly of what these problems consist.

Taken as a whole, they seem rather remote and insignificant since they may be considered non-material, and in this mercenary world non-material things seem relatively unimportant. The obstacles against which youth must battle are: the resentment of a cold, unwelcome population; the refusal of admittance to our economic order through the pathways of employment at a respectable position; the distrust with which youth is shadowed by those fearful of youth's individualism and desire for change; and the battle against a terrifying disillusionment which arises from being roughly shaken from the glowing thoughts of future, nurtured and instilled through approximately twelve years of school protection.

A brief explanation of each will perhaps be instrumental in rendering a still more clear understanding. The graduate of today leaves school which has been his haven for many years and goes into a world which is jealous of his knowledge and advancement. His very presence is a sign of evil in the eyes of men who fear they are to be replaced perhaps by the younger, more intellectual person. Even if this attitude is absent, often the newcomer is repulsed when he offers a suggestion, perhaps a new idea. These repulses frighten him, bewilder him, and he, in turn, to shield himself from the barbs of an un-

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friendly world, becomes resentful and cold. Another cut awaits him when he prepares to enter the world of industry. He has been tutored, taught, and in every way possible prepared to take his place in his economic order. Here he finds himself a victim of circumstance—he is an innocent sufferer of an economic breakdown—a depression. All his training of no avail, his ambition trampled, his hopes frustrated. There is no room for him. A further barrier which stands between youth and its success is the mistrust with which it is surrounded—a barrier which is constructed entirely out of the minds of men. Youth to many, seems to be a synonym for communism, radicalism, socialism, facism, in fact for every system or idea which would destroy the natural order of events. Every innocent change or variation suggested by youth is grossly exaggerated and misunderstood to be a radical desire for absolute change. Until this misunderstanding is withdrawn, one of the greatest hindrances to youth's progress remains. The last and perhaps the most disheartening obstacle to youth, is the disillusionment which follows in the wake of the other three. In school, in the home, youth is protected from life's harder knocks. It is assured that room will be made for him in his chosen field of work when he is prepared. He is encouraged, he has ideals, he has determination. This protection plus the present advanced civilization weakens him and makes him more susceptible to the "knocks" of the outside world which are in the form of mistrust, resentment, and coldness. We would not do away with the protection given us; therefore the alternative must be then, to do away with these obstacles.

It is hardly necessary to say in conclusion, that there must be a place made for youth, people must place some trust in youth, and youth must be aided to adjust itself to an order made chaotic and discouraged through a depression which it had no share in bringing about, if it is to be the "light" in the dark of this present era, and if it is to succeed against overwhelming odds.

Mr. Hayes: You, who have seen us through four tempestuous years of readjustment and change, have been our guide, our aider, and abettor. Your unrewarded help, advice, and guidance will make you ever beloved in the hearts of this graduating class of nineteen hundred and thirty-eight, and we hope that we too, may deserve a place in your heart.

Faculty of Johnson High School: Your influence and cooperation will never be forgotten, and we can only pray that we may justify your faith in us, as successfully as our faith in you has aided us.

Parents and Friends: Your encouragement and understanding have been the bulwark of our achievement and our success. You have never failed to inspire us to our best and we can never repay you for your magnificent influence.

Schoolmates: Tonight we leave in your trust the honor and joy of carrying on the name of your beloved school. Through our happy association together, we know you will uphold everything we have all held sacred through our gay years together.

Classmates: We have tonight, reached the last road which we shall ever travel together! Despite this saddening thought we know we shall never forget the happy hours we have spent together, the obstacles we have overcome together; all this which now seems to have gone so swiftly, which will be but a memory. Though we shall all take different roads of life, no matter how far we may go, we shall ever remember our joyous days at dear, old, Johnson.

ANNETTE SILVERSTEIN

CLASS HISTORY

JUST an ordinary sunny September morning to the average citizen but to many anxious boys and girls it marked the beginning of a new life. The long awaited first day of high school had arrived. The first day wasn't bad, lasting only about half an hour. Too bad every day wasn't like that. The next day we were introduced to books, bells, teachers, and upperclassmen. Naturally the upperclassmen looked down on us, especially the lordly sophomores, who had had a whole year's experience. We were expected to get lost and to talk in spares, which we very obligingly did. At our first class meeting, after being warned to keep quiet, a dozen times, we elected Tommy Sullivan president, Buddy Barwell vice-president, Frances Campbell secretary, and Hazel Blanch treasurer. The seniors welcomed us with a dance, but before the dance some of the seniors got together and decided to be kind to their proteges by teaching them to dance. After many feet had been trampled on, we managed to strut around and we were ready for the party. We were not disappointed and an enjoyable evening was had by all. Naturally we returned the dance. We did ourselves proud at that dance and showed the seniors that we too could put over a successful party. At Stunt Night we again showed the upperclassmen what we could do by walking off with the prize. Our amateur night got 'em. Some of us went out for sports, and the rest of us did our parts cheering them on. Of course we did a little studying, too. By the end of that year the teachers declared that we were the worst class that had ever entered the sacred portals of Johnson High.

No longer as freshmen, but as full fledged sophomores we returned to school in the fall of 1935. Again we were in high spirits and found it impossible to behave, especially with the new teachers. For our officers that year we elected Tommy Sullivan president, Buddy Barwell vice-president, Barbara Hainsworth secretary, and Frances Campbell treasurer. We united with the juniors to enjoy a combined dance, and balloons and broomsticks aided us in having a good time. We weren't so lucky at Stunt Night. The sophomores and the seniors were tied and we lost in the draw. No fault of ours, just bad luck. Again sports and studies took up quite a bit of our time and our reputation as naughty pupils was carried on with flying colors.

Our junior year and the important question to be decided on was rings. When we at last possessed them we would be next in importance to the seniors. That settled we turned to a semi-public dance which we put over with a bang. We combined with the sophomores for a sophomore-junior dance which was very successful. At Stunt Night our boys gave a style show and showed us girls what the well dressed young lady was wearing. The boys were excellent models and succeeded in winning Stunt Night for us though it was difficult to pick the most beautiful member of our enviable group. As spring approached everyone began to talk about the class supper. At last the important night arrived and we listened breathlessly to, the will, prophecy and the history. To the surprise of everyone present the mischievous junior class acted like ladies and gentlemen. To gain experience some of us attended graduation. Some of us juniors came in for rewards. Martha Curran won the chemistry prize and Buddy Howard won the Harvard prize. Some of the juniors who were elected for important positions in sports were Tommy Sullivan, football captain; Freddy Coram, basketball captain; and Russell Donnelly, baseball captain. Tommy Sullivan again was our president and Buddy

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Barwell, vice-president, while Hazel Blanch was our combined secretary and treasurer.

At last the long awaited famous senior year arrived. One sunny morning we returned to school and found ourselves seniors at last. We had responsibilities. We managed the "Journal" and the "Year Book," our athletes led their teams to victories or to defeats, and we had to set an example for the underclassmen, especially the freshmen. Unfortunately, after the first glamour wore off we began to slip back into our old ways. We did our duty in welcoming the freshmen and gave them a dance. Of course we had to teach them how to dance first. Like polite children our young proteges returned the dance. We also managed to put over a successful Journal Dance. Along toward spring the annual play appeared and out of a cast of twelve, seven were seniors. Perhaps the poor coaches thought that we might have a little dignity and behave, but alas, we were a bad influence on the five junior members of the cast. We had the distinction of having no two rehearsals the same and even the performances weren't alike. The first night that we appeared on the stage on time was the night of the first performance. We all enjoyed ourselves enormously but the coaches are still recuperating. Miss Neal declared that she found ten grey hairs and Miss Green confessed that for weeks later she would wake up suddenly in a cold sweat dreaming of poor "Lucky" and its mischievous cast. It must have been catching, because even Miss Colburn was affected. At least they won't forget us. We hope that the other teachers won't forget us either. (They shouldn't. They heard enough from us.) As May drew to an end the question of graduation came up. The boys decided in about five minutes what they wanted to wear, but the girls squabbled and talked for about two weeks over whether to wear sport dresses or blue jackets and white skirts. After much wrangling the jackets and skirts finally won out. About this time Stunt Night appeared and for the first time we went down in disastrous defeat. We came out third. Now at our last party together our thoughts turn with regret to the happy days we spent at Johnson. Our lively actions and wagging tongues which so disturbed the teachers we will turn into machines to help us in the cold, cruel world. In later years I'm sure that we shall have all made names for ourselves and our teachers will talk about us with pride.

MARY GRAY

CLASS WILL

WE, the Class of 1938, having mental stability and gastronomic fortitude, do hereby, hereon, and henceforth bequeath, endow, and bestow upon our successors, the Class of 1939, with due consideration of our undeserved reputation but wonderful appreciation of these aids to our character, these various and sundry gifts, to wit:

John Ford to Stuart Stillings, his miles of smiles, his world of weight, and his broad understanding. May Stuart fill his shoes as we know he will even though they are size 11½.

Stella Kozlowski leaves her quiet but successful school career to Esther Forgetta.

"Mike" Koroskys, the speed demon of the highways, wills his permanent wave with all the trimmings to Walter Kozlowski.

Mary Dandeneau endows her persistent good nature and her basketball ability to Rita Fogarty who will have to make the best of it.

Bernard Champion bequeaths his wonderful accomplishments in the art of ad libbing to Robert Farrell. Incidentally this means talking a lot and saying nothing. Don't be perturbed, boys, as we all do it occasionally.

Bill Whittaker bestows upon Bob Downing his knowledge of the weaker sex. Bob's trumpet should herald a good approach for him.

Rose Aaronian wills her ability to get along with everybody to Marietta Nussbaum who does an OK job.

Paul Hurd, our distinguished student, leaves a life net to Art Bunker so he will be able to catch that certain freshman girl as she leaps to the ground. Lucky Johnson is not a sky-scraper, eh Paul?

Caroline Chase leaves her hospitality to Pauline Frisbee with the warning, "lights on or kitchen chairs against the wall."

William Sherlock, radiologist, bequeaths his energies in that field to Allan Gesing who probably isn't interested anyway.

Helen Stefanovich bequeaths a few of her admiring swains along with a string of broken hearts to Norma Morton.

James Lewis, the advocate of what the well dressed man will wear, leaves his ability to that junior fashion plate, John McClay.

Priscilla Lewis endows her lease, the one on the back of a green touring Ford with orange wheels, to Betty Roberts. We understand that Betty likes the location.

John James, the fractional giant, wills his physical attributes to Frank Thompson, who knows well how to use the extra altitude.

Cartoonist Donald Porter leaves his handiwork to Dave Provencher with the admonition, "Cooks and cows don't mix as you will see in Economics IV."

Elizabeth Rennie, the busy bee, bequeaths her busy buzzing to Elizabeth Hodge, who knows how to use it.

Frank Broadhead wills his story entitled, "How to get along with the girl," to Ben Isherwood who, I understand is doing all right on Harkaway Road.

To May Barnes, Marcie Costello leaves her desire for that certain senior boy with that certain 1938 Buick complete with red wheels, radio, etc.

Clarkson Earl, physicist de luxe, leaves Brian McKiernan wondering what happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body. Aren't we all, boys, aren't we all?

Velma Lynch leaves her freshman boy who is not afraid of our teachers, one especially, to Ruby Cochrane. Us senior boys is hard to get, ain't we, Velma?

James Stewart wills Kenneth Brierley and Americ Lanni his innocent expression at all times.

Frances Campbell, that charming senior, endows her Saturday night date to Ruth Whittaker, who does all right. I think Joe will agree, don't you, Ruth?

Clayton DeNault leaves his one arm driving mania to Charles Foster, who has something for which to drive one-handed. Go ahead and blush, Frances, I'm sure no one minds.

Georgianna Curley wills her abilities to wield a paint brush and crayon artistically to Evelyn Koenig. However, Georgianna throws a wow of a house party, too.

Ralph Crompton endows his life-like picture of Sonja Henie to that junior

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boy, George Page. Don't make as much fuss over her as Ralph did, will you, George?

"Sunshine" Annette Silverstein leaves her potential smile and her liking for that senior boy to Ruth Curley.

Fred Coram with breaking heart, bequeaths his list of telephone numbers to that fortunate junior, George Martin, with the advice, "the blonde is the best."

Martha Curran leaves her way of getting on the best side of a certain physics teacher to Sarah Lewis.

John Dilendik leaves his well thumbed booklet, "One Thousand Ways to Fame and Fortune" to the junior class.

Catherine Lefebvre endows her morning rides to school right to the front door (incidentally this is to be taken literally) of our institution to Mary McCallion who is perhaps not so fortunate.

Stanley Buturlia leaves his kerosene lamp with which he burns the midnight oil in collaboration with other pupils on overdue assignment papers to William Driscoll.

Dorothy Sutton wills her method of studying hard without getting thin to Barbara Dillon to whom this information might be helpful.

Edward Clarenbach bequeaths his ability of being able to fall asleep in any conceivable position or under any conditions to Charles Gillespie. Try going to bed nights, Charlie.

Veronica Fitzgerald leaves Frances McRobbie her basketball abilities and her most delightful, entrancing and all-the-other-adjectives-that-describe-her figure in an evening dress.

Tom Sullivan to Tom Pendlebury, the honor of being class president, his position in sports, and the thousand and one other accomplishments, one of which is: how one should be quiet. OH YEAH!!

Rosealice Hargreaves to Helen McEvoy that certain demureness that seems characteristic of the vicinity of Stevens Corner.

Herbert "Bud" Barwell, the woman hater, (or I may be wrong) leaves his Clark Gable characteristics to that enormous lad, Gerald Calahan. Bud tells me to tell Cal to keep away from Elm Street.

Helen Waters, our new senior, leaves her glorious goldy locks and her beautiful blue eyes to Hilda Binns who has plenty to spare.

Robert Binns wills to Kenneth Dill his conduct approval slip and his decidedly uncomfortable seat in Physics IV. Here's hoping you enjoy it as much as he didn't, Ken.

Mary Gray leaves her oratorical ability to the pale people's aid, The Plunket Pink Pills' girl, Ruth Derby.

Clayton Kennedy bestows his method of doing other pupils' homework to Sam Turner. One good turn deserves another, Sam.

Hazel Blanch, our peachy looking dramatic star, leaves Virginia Carvell the answer to the question, "Who won the war?"

Hazel Winning gives to Veronica Peterson her long ride down Salem St. to get to our dear Johnson.

John Welch bestows his fiery temper upon Francis Nutter, who doesn't need it but who may be able to take better care of it than someone else.

Elizabeth Walker leaves her front seat in Room 8 to Lois Pitkin who will just love to raise the curtains every morning at the beginning of school.

To Robert Bell, George Henry LaFountain, Junior, better known as "Chu" leaves his Ford and his frequent trips to South Lawrence. Perhaps a bus would be better, boys, or am I wrong?

Elfreda Withee bequeaths her modesty to Cecilia Gulanowski. Maybe it's modesty, but I have my doubts.

Frances Debrowski bestows upon Ruth Richardson the honor of making a speech on the night of graduation.

Allen Towne, the Houdini of physics lab, wills his ability to make the experiments click to Ralph Pratt. "You guess at half and then multiply by two," says Allen.

James Hayes, the deep and silent man, gives his reticence to James Shaw, who knows "there is gold in them thar' silent hills."

Dorothy Richardson leaves her "Everybody's Aid Bureau" to Nellie Summers, who hopes she will be able to help as many juniors as Dorothy did seniors.

John Fletcher, hot cha boy of Johnson and points north, east, south, and west, wills his graceful "Big Apple" to Henry Bonney. Don't bring your brief case, Henry, as the "Big Apple" is a dance.

Louise Kennedy leaves her one hundred and one assorted boy frinds for all occasions to Lillian Maker who, I understand, has a few of her own. How about it, Clarky?

Philip Howard, the nemesis of Miss McAlloon's peaceableness, bequeaths to Philip Young his uncanny knack of raising that charming fire in her eyes.

Rita Roche, golden-voiced "saprani" who did so well over station WLAW, wills her talents to Margaret Keating who really does not need them, as she plays an excellent violin.

Diminutive "Pete" Evangelos, our smiling outfielder, endows upon Jimmy Yule his enduring smile. Well you can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar, eh, boys?

Florence Vernile, the Miss South Lawrence of North Andover, wills her successful method of passing notes to Winifred Temple. We are told this can be accomplished under the noses of the faculty if practiced long enough.

Lightning Bob Carroll, to Frank Hill, bequeaths his half hour excursion between Room 2 and Room 12. Remember that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line, Frank.

Myra Stillwell leaves the boiling grey matter between her ears to that up and coming junior, Helen Greenler, who has plenty of what it takes.

Laurence Shyne wills Ernest Fionte his indifference to work of any kind, size, shape, or manner.

Edna Millward bequeaths her pair of shoes that will positively not make a sound when coming in late upon Mary Peel.

Joe Shea bequeaths his abilities of making intricate designs with glass tubing to Robert Miller, that little cut-up of the junior class.

Barbara Hainsworth, the girl of a thousand nicknames, wills her weakness for the stronger sex in general to Irene Byron.

Frank Coughlin, advociferous ambassador from Boxford, leaves his great attributes to his sister, Rosamond, who could get by, if necessary, with her attractiveness.

Lily Ackroyd wills her petiteness to Shirley Nussbaum. It's all right, Lily. Good things come in small packages.

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

Russ Donnelly, the boy with the beautiful pair of legs, endows his captaincy of the baseball nine to any junior who is able to exhibit a pair of legs like those of Russ. Auditions next Monday.

Dot Atkinson leaves her pamphlet entitled, "How not to Drive an Automobile" or "How One Should Back a Car Off a Nice Lawn Without Being Embarrassed" to Genevieve Kane.

Tom McGrail wills this and that to Edward Garvey. Tom says to Ed, "An education never helped a fly to walk on a ceiling."

Stella Mazurenko leaves her Dodge truck to any junior girl being able to change a flat tire on a rainy night on a dark road in the middle of winter.

Anna Lorenzo leaves to Helen Murphy, the reputation of not being heard from often but when heard from, giving an excellent recitation.

Balbina Mandry to Ida Narushof, her delight in seeing Mr. Donovan enter the room in which that extraordinary class, English IV-I meets.

Milton Howard, that tempting triple tonguer of the Johnson High School's trio of trumpets, leaves to his under-studies, Bill Amshey and Phyllis Killam, the manful art of how to get out nights with the trumpet as an excuse. Too bad you don't play a piccolo, Bud, you could put that in your pocket.

Lillian Robertson leaves that half torrid smile of hers to Barbara MacPherson. Just a little more added to what you've got makes a lot more, eh Mac?

Wes Randall, swing pianist, wills his propensities to Ernest Viger the mouth organist. Lest the connection be lost it is just a case of hand to mouth.

Elizabeth Windle bequeaths her happy-go-lucky nature and charming smile to Helen Richard.

Robert Young, jokester superlative, leaves his talents as well as the implements of the trade to Robert Ayer. "Pete" says that when he goes to work he will have to be more serious. Oh Yeah!

Ed Cunningham wills his successful cure for insomnia to Thomas McCubbin. This cure is forty-five minutes in an economics class.

To Claire Doherty, Helen McEvoy wills her commuting boy friend. Don't worry, Claire, for if they will come from as far as Matt comes, love must be grand, even though he doesn't see you every recess.

Last, but it doesn't mean a thing, Eleanor Parker leaves her dandy Fleischman's Yeast complexion (or is it cosmetics) to Virginia Woodhouse.

We, the graduating class of 1938 (we hope,) having placed upon the backs of our most worthy colleagues, the class of 1939 (they hope,) about everything but the shirts on our backs, do hereby affix our signatures with tears in our eyes, trembling hands and second-hand fountain pens, this seventh day of June in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight.

Signed, in behalf of the Class of 1938,

FREEMAN C. HATCH, III.

CLASS PROPHECY

ONE DAY IN AUGUST, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and fifty, I was spending a very strenuous day, leaning on a shovel on project No. 9664, of the local W. P. A. As I stood there, I suddenly made up my mind to resign. Besides, I was getting blisters on my elbows from leaning on the shovel, and was wearing out too many pairs of pants sitting down, so I woke up the boss who happened to be Robert Carroll and told him I was quitting. He just yawned, rolled over, and went back to

sleep again with the remark, "O. K., but don't wake the rest of the boys."

The first thing I did after departing from my job was to go to the bank. I drew out my W.P.A. earnings, which amounted to about seventeen thousand dollars. The cashier of the bank turned out to be none other than Frank Coughlin, my old classmate. I stood chatting with him for a while and he told me another of our classmates, Clarkson Earl the 3rd, had just been appointed president of the bank.

After leaving the bank, I decided to buy a car and trailer and tour the country for a while. As I passed by an automobile display room, a huge sign caught my eye, "Try our Twelve Cylindered Youngerbilt Special." That name seemed to be familiar so I went into the display room. There was Speed King Pete Young, all shined up like a duke. This was a fitting occupation for Pete I thought as I remembered how he used to make his Ford Sedan do everything but the Big Apple in his high school days. After he had sold me a convertible coupe, a twelve cylinder job, he took me into another display room to look at trailers. Who was there showing people the cute little trailer windows? Veronica Fitzgerald of course, but Pete introduced her as Mrs. Young. Then I remembered how friendly they had been at Johnson High, and guessed the rest.

Bidding Pete and Veronica goodby I drove my car and trailer down town, and decided to get something to eat. Driving up to a small inn called, "Ye Little Red School House", I entered and waited for some service. After about ten minutes, a waiter came out singing, "Bei Mir Bist Du Shoen," and said, "OK, Hot-shot, what'll it be?" Taken aback, I looked again and sure enough it was Mike Koroskys, all decked out in a white apron and towel. The proprietor turned out to be none other than our old friend Stella Mazurenko. When I asked where she was, Mike stated she was out back teaching the hired help how to do a hot Polish Polka for which she was famous in her Johnson days. After waiting around for about an hour, I finally got a meal. As I went to the cashier to pay the check, I discovered her to be Stella's side-kick, Helen Stefanovich. When she recognized me, she gave a cute wink and tore up the bill. Wow! Was I tickled.

Leaving the inn feeling like a Casonova, I climbed into my chariot and headed for New York. As I neared the great metropolis, I stopped for gas at a station marked "Clarenbach's Service Station". Sure enough our pal Eddie had picked up where his brother had left off. Eddie said business was good and he owned a whole string of service stations all over the country. While I was talking with Ed, he gave me five tickets to the Brown Derby's opening night. I left Eddie feeling a little better having met an old friend.

Pulling into an auto camp at sundown, I unhitched my trailer and was just heading into town for something to eat, when I heard a shout. Stopping the car I was joyful to meet my old pal Pete McGrail, who was also parked at the camp. With him was Joe Shea (his partner,) his wife, the former Helen Waters, and the three little Pete McGrails. After eating, I remembered the tickets Eddie had given me, so we decided to take in the Brown Derby. Joe and Pete helped me struggle into my Tuxedo, just as they did the night of the Athletic Association play back in Johnson in 1938. We traveled to the Derby rather quickly, and as Pete took a turn doing about seventy, looking a state trooper right in the eye and waving to him, I began to feel rather uncomfortable. Pete, noticing, said, "It's all right. That was Larry Shyne, another of our pals." I wiped the sweat off my brow, and thought of how Larry had followed his brother Dan's occupation. Reaching the Derby with no further mishaps we were astonished to find the doorman none other than

little Johnnie Ford, our English friend, all decked out in a red coat and brass buttons.

Who should be collecting tickets but another Johnsonite, Lily Ackroyd. I expressed my exclamation upon seeing so many of my old classmates, and she said, "Well, Johnny Fletcher is managing the club now, and you have a good many surprises in store for you." Refusing to tell me more, we made our way to our table.

Just then the band swung into action. It happened to be the famous swing band, known as Hatch's Rags, led by the Maestro Freeman Hatch the 3rd who occasionally added his usual sour note to the jam session. Also playing in this noted combination was Swing-it Randall who was tickling the ivories; he turned out to be our old pal Wesley. Way up back, banging away in maniacal fashion, was Tango Cunningham who was following in the footsteps of the famous Gene Kruppa. While listening to the music a low, pleasant voice sounded sweetly in my ear, "Cigarettes sir?" Turning, I was greatly surprised to find that the cute cigarette girl was none other than Hazel Blanch.

After I had bought half of Hazel's cigarette tray, she informed me that Mr. Fletcher, the manager, wished to speak to me. Thanking her, I excused myself from my party and made my way to the manager's office.

Upon entering, I found John who was quite the sheik, rapidly giving dictation to our old friend Elfreda Withee, who seemed quite thrilled to be able to take dictation for John. Excusing Elfreda, John very heartily shook my hand. After conversing a while on different subjects, I happened to comment on all the Johnson classmates I had met at his club. John grinned, and said, "Yes, I am seriously thinking of changing the name from the Brown Derby to the Johnson Hi-Spot." Asking him why he had sent for me, he told me that he had to fly to North Andover, and asked if I would like to go along, and see my old home town again. Eagerly grasping the opportunity, I readily agreed to go. Hurrying back to my table I explained to my friends in detail. John wanted to catch the midnight plane out, so I hurriedly bade them goodbye, leaving my car and trailer in care of Pete McGrail. After collecting my luggage, John picked me up in his 16-cylindered Cadillac.

A uniformed chauffeur leaped out to open the door. Seeing that John was rather small of figure, he had to have a small chauffeur whom he could boss around, so naturally he had chosen his diminutive classmate Jackie James. Seeing that Jackie could not handle my heavy hat boxes, I obliging gave him a hand.

After roaring down Broadway we passed through the East End tunnel, and down to the ferry. Driving onto the ferry, we had stopped and begun to converse on old times, when suddenly a fog-horn-like voice roared out, "Full steam ahead." There stood Captain Chu LaFountain. I called Chu over and asked him in a bewildered tone, "Why aren't you in the United States Navy?" George replied that he had been bounced out of the navy, but the life of a roving sailor had gotten into his veins, so, determined to stick to the bounding main, he had joined the ferry-boat service. Bidding Chu good-bye, we left the ferry, and drove onward to the airport.

Upon reaching the airport, we got out, and sent James back with the car. Entering the office to purchase our tickets we were greatly surprised to find the ticket seller to be Helen McAvoy, another classmate of "38." Walking to the plane we gave our tickets to the hostess, who spoke cheerfully to John.

John returned with "Hello Betty." I turned and recognized Betty Walker, who had secured the position of hostess on the New York Airlines. After speaking with Betty, I went over to watch the men load the plane. Recognizing one of the men, I rushed over to shake hands with my old friend Bill Whittaker, known at Johnson as "Little Willie." In the few remaining minutes, I learned from Bill that the plane we were to fly in was designed by that great plane engineer, Donald C. Porter. I was very glad to learn that Don had made good at his life's work. With a hurried call from Betty, I jumped aboard, and found John already asleep.

Looking down through the open door of the pilot's compartment, I espied a familiar figure. It turned out to be John "Tarzan" Welch. Remembering that John had been of the ruffian type, a hard-hitting, herculean, who had mastered the strenuous sports of checkers and ping-pong in his high school days, I decided to keep well away from him, so I returned to my seat. As we journeyed on our way, time hung heavy on my hands, so I asked Betty to turn on the radio. The crisp, clear voice of the announcer came floating over the air-waves: "This is WLAW, folks, presenting the swing trio, featuring Miss Rita Roche, Miss Rosealice Hargreaves, accompanied at the piano by Miss Marcy Costello." After listening to my old friends on their fifteen minute broadcast, I was surprised to hear the announcer's voice break in with the commercial, "Don't forget to buy your Bow-wow Dog Biscuits at your nearest grocer. This is your announcer Bernard Champion, signing off." After waiting a few moments a news bulletin came through, "This is Snoop Binns, folks, broadcasting my keyhole column from Lawrence, Mass. Flash! It has just been learned from reliable sources that Tom Sullivan, formerly of Holy Cross, All American Fullback for three years, has just been signed to a contract with the Washington Redskins. This will gladden many hearts, folks, as Tom is a local boy who spent four years playing football at Johnson High. Flash! Newport, Rhode Island!. It has just been learned that the Misses Barbara Hainsworth and Martha Curran, two local debutantes, will be presented to society in a coming out party, at an early date!" With the conclusion of this, I switched Binns off, and leaning back in my seat, dozed off to sleep.

As I awoke a few hours later, the sleek, gray plane was nosing down into the Lawrence Airport. I woke John, and we left the plane. While hurrying across the field, a fog-horn-like voice roared out, "Taxi, Mister?" We turned and sleepily stumbled into the cab. I told the driver to take us to the nearest hotel. Before the words were out of my mouth, we were streaking across the field, slamming around corners, and in general getting no where very fast.

"For the love of Pete, mister," I pleaded, "Take your time, and use your brakes once in a while, will you?"

The driver said, "Brakes! This car hasn't got any," and with a cheerful grin he slid between two busses doing about seventy-five.

Somehow, someway, we managed to reach our destination. The cab driver leaped out, and said, "Here you are folks, the North Andover Ambassador." When we stepped out to pay the driver, imagine our surprise when we found him to be Clayton DeNault, who had been the wildman of the roads in his high school days. It was then that I realized why our ride had been so wild.

As we entered the hotel, we came face to face with manager who happened to be Diamond Jim Lewis, a boy who made good in his old home town. Jim was so tickled to see us that he put us in the bridal suite. We then slept soundly for the rest of the night.

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

The next morning we were awakened by the chambermaid, who turned out to be another local girl, Mary Dandeneau. Mary told us that breakfast would be served shortly, in the main dining hall. Asking Mary if she knew where any of our old classmates were, she replied that James Stewart was head chef. I remembered that Jim had been quite active in the Chefs' Club at Johnson. She also stated that Edna Millward was the telephone operator, and was quite popular with all the boys. Going down to the dining room we were seated comfortably by the hostess. Her face seemed familiar to me, and as I pondered over whom it could be, John spoke, "Isn't that Annette Silverstein?" Sure enough it was. Imagine our surprise, when the waitress who brought our food turned out to be Balbina Mandry, another former Johnsonite. After finishing a very enjoyable meal, (on the house,) John said he had some business to transact, and excused himself, so I decided to take a stroll.

As I walked down the main drag, imagine how I felt when I stopped before the new North Andover Playhouse. Playing there that week, was a play which was very familiar to me. It was "Lucky," featuring Milton D. Howard and Mary Gray in the leading roles. I remembered how this pair had been fine actors in the class of 38.

Crossing the street, my eye was caught by a sign which read "Frank Broadhead's Loan Agency." Entering, I greeted my old friend. After conversing a while, I asked Frank how business was. "Oh," he stated, "I only have one customer. That's John Dilendik, and at the rate he is going, I'll be bankrupt before the week is out."

Leaving Frank, I decided to pay a visit to my old school. Climbing aboard a bus, I was astonished to find one of my old side-kicks, Philip Howard, who had followed his father's footsteps as a bus driver. After doing a fast six miles an hour up to the high school, I departed from my friend.

Entering the old building, I walked up to the principal's office, and there in Mr. Hayes' seat, sat the new principal, Allen Towne. After talking over old times, Allen escorted me through the school. Entering a room marked English 2, I stopped as if stage-struck. There in the front seat was none other than James Hayes, still trying to pass sophomore English. Jim grinned at me and whispered, "I think I'm going to pass this time."

Noticing Jim clad in overalls, and blue coat, I said to him, "What's the idea of the rig?"

Jim answered, "I'm taking up the job of janitor on the side." Leaving Jim reciting the story of "Silas Marner," we continued on our way. We again stopped, in front of Room 18, from which words were pouring with the rapidity of a machine gun. I thought, "This must be Miss Colburn's shorthand class, but then decided that Miss Colburn couldn't speak that fast. I decided to find out who it was. Entering, I was startled to find Elizabeth Rennie, who had taken over Miss Colburn's duties as a commercial teacher. While speaking to Elizabeth, the door from Room 17 opened, and expecting Miss Neal to enter, I put on my best smile. To my great astonishment, who should enter, but Velma Lynch, the new typewriting teacher. In my bewilderment, I turned to Allen, and said, "Are all the old teachers gone?"

"Most of them," he said. He told me that Dorothy Sutton had taken over the duties of Economics teacher, and that Frances Debrowski was teaching Junior Social Science. He also stated that Stella Kozlowski was a new addition to the faculty, teaching English. Allen then invited me to go down to the cafeteria for a bite to eat. He informed me that the cafeteria had been taken over by Dorothy Richardson and Catherine Lefebvre. After having a

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

very enjoyable lunch, I decided to continue on my way, so I bade Allen good-bye.

Walking down the main street, I decided to stop off at one of my old haunts, Stevens Memorial Library. There, raking leaves off the lawn, was Freddy Coram, who had taken over his father's job. Freddy informed me that Myra Stillwell was head librarian, having taken Miss Batchelder's position. The library staff also included Eleanor Parker and Anna Lorenza. I decided not to go into the library, as I had read all six of their books. While standing talking to Freddy, a large van went past, bearing the inscription "Buturlas' Ice Company," and immediately I knew it was Stanley.

After leaving Freddy I decided to take a look at Johnson's football team, so I made my way to Grogan's Field. Where the field had been, a beautiful stadium had now been erected. As I entered, I heard a familiar loud voice bellowing out, "Listen you donkeys, pay attention. You may be iron men to the newspapers, but you look awful rusty to me."

How often I had heard those words before! They began to make me feel right at home. I knew that voice could belong to none other than Coach Cavalieri. I rounded the stands, and there to my surprise, instead of Coach Cavalieri, I found Buddy Barwell blasting his charges unmercifully. Bud roared out a command as I neared, "You linesmen go over and hit that dummy, while I collaborate with this dumbbell who thinks he is a quarterback." Bud, I noticed, was still using his pet word "collaborate." After watching the hard, strenuous work-out for a while, I silently left the field.

Continuing my walk, I again entered the main street, and decided to go window-shopping. Stopping before a small well-kept office, I felt my knees go weak as I read the words, "Women's Escort Bureau, Proprietor Peter Evangelos." Remembering that Pete had been quite a woman hater back at Johnson, I thought I would go in to see him. Shaking hands with Pete, I asked him how in the world he had ever gotten into this line of work. Pete answered, "Well you see, I never went out with the girls in my school days, and now I'm making up for lost time." He then showed me his motto, "No Matter Who She is, if She's Good Looking, I'll take Her Out." After having a good laugh over this, I asked Pete if he knew what the rest of our old mates were doing. "Oh," he said, "Florence Vernile is a successful business woman, running the commercial end of her brother Jack's fruit business; and say," he remarked, "she's still the vamp she used to be, trying to date up all the boys."

Pete also stated that Dorothy Atkinson and Caroline Chase had opened a high class girls' finishing school and were a tremendous success. I was pleased to hear this, as I remembered how both had been very studious in their former days at Johnson.

Just then the phone rang, and a girl came running out of the back of the office to answer it. "My secretary," Pete said, as if he were the President of the country, and to my surprise it was Rose Aaronian.

"A blonde," Rose stated. Pete grabbed his hat, shook my hand, and with a "glad to have seen you, goodbye," went through the door like a shot. I thought how times had changed, said goodbye to Rose, and left for the hotel.

When I reached the hotel, I found John fretting. "Come on, hurry up," he roared, "I have to get back to New York." He bundled me into a cab, and with hurried goodbyes, roared out to the airport. The next thing I remembered, we were winging our way across the sky headed for New York.

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

Opening a daily paper to the sports page, the headlines, "Donnelly Holds Out for Forty Thousand," caught my eye. Reading further I found our old friend Russ Donnelly, flashy short-stop for the Brooklyn Dodgers, was holding out for more money for the coming season. Knowing how determined Russell had been in the old days, I was willing to bet even money that he got what he demanded. Nothing further happened on our trip until we landed at the New York airport. There was Jack James waiting with the car, and we roared down Broadway.

While traveling down the famous street, an electric sign in the shape of a dancing girl caught my eye. In brilliant letters underneath it read, "Learn to Dance at Pat Lewis' Dancing School." I was tickled to see Priscilla in such a vocation, as she had loved to dance in her school days. I wanted to go right in and see her, but John wouldn't let me, saying that he was in a hurry.

Continuing our way down Broadway, Jack began to feel gay and began dodging cars. Well, things went fine until we met a bus coming the other way. I heard the brakes scream, a crash, then darkness.

When I awoke, a beautiful girl was standing over me, and said "You're all right now." I thought for a moment I was in heaven, but no, everything was white; why, I must be in a hospital. I then dropped off to sleep. When I awoke, the sun was streaming through the windows, and I lay there getting my bearings. Then a door opened and a nurse came in and said, "Hello, Ralph, how do you feel?" I almost swallowed my false teeth when I found myself looking at Frances Campbell. She had always wanted to be a nurse, and here she was. Frances told me that Louise Kennedy and Georgianna Curley were also members of the nurses' staff. I immediately called the head surgeon to see if I could have a toe-nail or an eye-lash amputated, so I could stay there longer. I nearly fainted when the head surgeon turned out to be Clayton Kennedy. He wouldn't let me stay any longer than necessary.

One day as I lay there talking to Frances, she said, "I have a surprise for you. Boy, will you enjoy this." She went out and came back with a set of books. "Clayton and all the girls have read this set of books inside out," she said. There were seven large volumes to the set, and as I read the title, I almost had a galloping hemorrhage. It was "The Men in My Life," by Lillian Robertson.

"It ought to be good reading," I stuttered.

Learning that Jack and John hadn't been badly injured, I found out that John had wired William S. Sherlock, Attorney at Law, to defend our case. I asked Frances what the S. stood for, and she smiled sweetly and said, "Shyster, I guess."

Finally, but not without loud protesting, I was ejected from the hospital. Needing a manicure and my hair curled, I entered a beauty parlor and there stood Paul Hurd, head barber. The head beautician was Elizabeth Windle, who always loved to have her hair curled in her school days, and she was capably assisted by Catherine Winning. It seems the three had formed a partnership, and were doing very well.

Leaving the barber shop feeling tired and weak, I made my way to my hotel. Climbing into bed I thought of the lovely vacation I had just completed, and of all the old friends I had met.

Ho hum, it's a small world after all, and so to sleep.

RALPH CROMPTON

SPORTS---1937-38



HE Class of '38 will be remembered for many years to come for the athletes they have turned out. They have blazed a trail that will be something for future students to try to follow. Under capable coaching, the trophy shelves in our library have been awarded eight trophies, these four years.

Among our athletes first mention must be made of Herbert Barwell (four years member of football and baseball teams) and of Tommy Sullivan (with the same record; also football captain senior year.) Others outstanding are Ralph Crompton in football; Peter Evangelos, Fred Coram, and Russell Donnelly in baseball. Barwell and Coram have been on the basketball squad all four years, Coram being captain senior year. Other '38 basketball stars are Donnelly and Evangelos.

Outstanding athletes among the girls are Elizabeth Rennie (senior captain) and Veronica Fitzgerald (three years member of the first basketball squad.) Others of note are Mary Dandeneau, Annette Silverstein, Georgianna Curley, Priscilla Lewis, and May Barnes.

The athletes of the Class of '38 have enjoyed the keen, fast sportsmanship in their competition. We hope the same spirit will remain with them forever.

Do you remember when

Tom Sullivan went all over town trying to sell a young bull?

Mr. Cavalieri said "Who won the war?"

a flask of hydrogen was exploded in Room 13?

Tom McGrail ever said anything sensible?

Eddie Cunningham put his stick through a high school drum?

Mr. Donovan's car was for sale for five dollars?

the night Louise Page jumped out of the girls' basement window?

Bud Barwell pitched and won his baseball game?

Frank Broadhead started going with Evelyn Sauvageot?

the school was so cold we were dismissed?

Eddie Clarenbach looked wide awake?

Mike Koroskys had a permanent wave?

Barbara Hainsworth was christened Lizzie?

a thirty by forty-eight window was knocked right out of Room 13?

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL

CLASS BALLOT



CLASS SONG

At last the time has come dear friends,
For us to bid farewell;
No more we'll roam within these walls,
No more we'll hear those bells.

Oh! Johnson High, we all salute,
You lead in every way.
We'll honour you forever more
And rightful homage pay.

Dear Johnson High, we hate to go,
To stroll along life's ways,
For then we'll dream of you, dear school,
Where we spent our happy days.

We'll very seldom meet again,
It may be many years;
So raise the cup of friendship now,
As parting time draws near.

MARY MARCELLA COSTELLO '38

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL



CLASS OF 1938

Activities &
Underclassmen

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL



CLASS OF 1939



CLASS OF 1940

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL



CLASS OF 1941

1938 YEAR BOOK



BASEBALL SQUAD



FOOTBALL SQUAD AND CHEER LEADERS

JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM



GIRLS' BASKETBALL CLUB



GIRL'S BASKETBALL SQUAD

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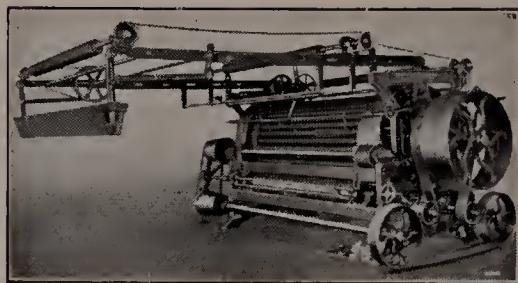
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INFORMATION BY MAIL OR AT THE SCHOOL OFFICE

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